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RIPPLES
OF
CHRISTMAS SONG

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A CHRISTMAS Song! a Christmas Song!

Listen, and hear as we trip along!

We know a place where the Christmas-tide

Smiles on a gently flowing Gee

And never a breath of frosty air

Chills the heart of the flowers there.

FAR, afloat, all afloat,
We follow the lightly skimming boat;
And many a tender vow and sigh,
Hear as we wander softly by,
And many a wild bird's golden lay,
Sung in the twilight, soft and grey.

THEN come away! come away!

And joy with us this Christmas day.

Never a thought of cold we bring,

Glad the strain of song we sing,

Ripples of sweet remembrance we,

On the beautiful tide of Memory.

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